

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy hirth—
Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure, when we lent ye to beautiful England,
Little we thought of the lone winter days,
Little we thought of the hush of the star shine,
Over the mountain, the bluffs and the braes!

CHORUS.

Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back again to the land of thy birth,
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Long shone the white sail that hove thee away,
Riding the white waves that fair suumer mornin',
Just like a May flower afloat on the bay.
O but my sank when clouds come between us,
Like a gray curtain the rain falling down,
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
Far, far away, where my colleen had flown.

Then come back to Erin, &c.

O may the angels, O wakin' and sleepin'
Watch o'er my bird in the land far away,
And its my pray'rs will consign to their keepin',
Care o' my jewel by night and by day.
When by the fireside, I watch the bright embers,
Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
Cravin' to know if my darlin' remembers,
Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me.

Then come back to Erin; &c.

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